

THE CLIMAX

of enjoyment is found by every lover
of good chewing tobacco in LORILLARD'S famous

Climax Plug

This tobacco represents the result of 134 year's experience in blending and preparing tobacco to suit a universal taste. A delicious flavor has been imparted to it without the addition of any harmful element. In substance it is unequalled by any chewing tobacco ever prepared. When you want a delicious satisfying chew, try CLIMAX PLUG.

OLOF EKBERG,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

716 KANSAS AVE.

C. T. TRAPP
Merchant Tailor.
W. T. Beerbohm, Mangr. 527 KANSAS AVE.

HIRAM HULSE,
FLORIST.

Cor. Elmwood and Willow Aves.,
Potwin Place, Topeka, Kansas.

Grows and sells Plants. Makes
a specialty of Cut Flowers. Does
all kinds of floral work in first
class manner. Telephone 458.

Hawley's Unique Curlene

Will positively keep the hair in curl from
one to two weeks. Guaranteed absolutely
Harmless.

FOR SALE BY
George W. Stansfield,
632 Kansas Ave.

A Royal Yacht.
Medieval magnificence combined
with modern comfort characterizes the
beautiful steam launch which has just
been constructed for the use of the
king and queen of Italy at Venice.
Painted a snowy white, it has a large
pavilion of carved mahogany. On the
sides, two eagles of Savoy spread their
wings. The windows are framed by
slender columns, which seem to sup-
port the roof, thus giving lightness to
the appearance of the launch, which is
a marvel of wood-carving, painting,
and luxurious upholstery.—Chicago
Tribune.

Repertee.
"Now, what do you want?" asked the
sharp-nosed woman.

"I called to see if I could sell you
some bakin' powder," said the seedy
gentleman with the straggling whisk-
ers.

"Well, you can't sell no bakin' pow-
der here, and I ain't got no time to
waist on peddlers, anyway."

"Come to think of it, ma'am," said
the seedy gentleman as he fasten-
ed his valise, "I wouldn't keer to
sell you no powder. This
here little dinky kitchen of yours
is so low in the cellin' that the bread
wouldn't have no chance to rise."—In-
dianapolis Journal.

Relative Increase of Population.

The notion that the population of
Britain is increasing faster than that
of any other European country is a
mistaken one. The German people,
who in 1816 numbered only 25,000,000,
are now more than 45,000,000, and their
present rate of increase is greater than
that of any other European nation.
They add yearly 115 to every 10,000 of
their population, while the United
Kingdom adds 101 to the same number,
and France only 26.—N. Y. Sun.

THE MAN WHO BROODED.

His Boy Bill Had Been Caught and He
Couldn't Stand It.

About five o'clock in the afternoon,
as I was following the rough and
rocky road up the mountains, I en-
countered a deputy marshal and his
posse. They had been raiding two or
three miles above and had captured a
still and a prisoner. The prisoner was
a young man about twenty-two years
old, and a native mountaineer. There
were eight men in the posse, all armed
and double armed, and yet they had
the prisoner handcuffed, and seemed to
look upon him as a savage. He had
been caught at the still, while his
father had escaped. That meant six
months or a year in some filthy county
jail, with a trial and a long sentence
to prison.

Two miles above where I met the
party I came to the rude cabin of a
mountaineer. On a rock in front of
the door sat a gray-haired woman
about fifty years old. On another rock
opposite her husband—a gray-haired
man at least ten years older. Though
so far advanced in age he was still
strong and vigorous, but he sat with
his head in his hands like one suffering
mental anguish. I saw the pair while
yet forty rods away. The woman sat
facing me; the man had his eyes on the
earth at his feet. As I came to a halt,
and looked from one to the other, the
woman whispered:

"Gibbins to yo', stranger."

"Gibbins, ma'am."

"Reckon yo' met 'em down thar'
sumwhar'?"

"The raiders—yes. Was it your still?"

"Yes, our still, and they cotched our
boy Bill. Him (nodding toward her
husband) was gwine ter shut, but the
gun was fouled. Him's brooding, him
is."

I understood. The still was a small
one. He had somehow raised money
enough to buy it, and was distilling a
few gallons a month and selling it in the
neighborhood to make a living. All the
arguments ever advanced could not con-
vince that old man that he was doing
any wrong. He had no market for his
corn as a cereal. In the form of whisky
men would buy it. It was against the
law, but had the government any right
to make a law which prevented a man
from making even a poor living?

I wanted to go on, but the woman
raised her hand in protest. The senti-
ment of hospitality was stronger than
the feeling of despair which had set-
tled upon them. She made room for
me beside her, and as I sat down she
whispered:

"Did yo' see our Bill?"

"Yes."

"They had irons on him?"

"Yes."

"Him was east down?"

"Yes, but you must hope that he
will soon be set free to return to you.
Your husband, shouldn't take it so
much to heart."

"Him can't help it. It kem sudden,
yo' see. Him's old and pore. Him's
bound ter brood over it. Come in to
snack."

I followed her into the cabin. What

little furniture in sight was old and
cheap. Everything in the one room
could have been loaded upon a mule-
cart. She stirred up the fire and fried
some bacon and made some corn coffee
and our "snack" consisted of pone-
bread and the two articles I have
named. She did not call to her hus-
band, nor did he leave his seat on the
rock. Not a word was addressed to
me until we had finished eating. I
then remarked that I thought I had
better go on to the hamlet three miles
above.

"Yo' must drap (stay) right yere fur
to-night," she replied. "Him's broodin'
powerful hard, and I don't know what'll
happen."

"Had I better try to talk to him?"
"Reckon not. Let him figger it out."

We sat down on the rock again, and
I gave her some tobacco for her pipe.
The sun went down and evening came
on, but we still sat there. The old
man seemed to be a part of the rock on
which he reclined. Now and then I
heard him groan out as if in pain, but
he had never a word to say. I could
not say that he had even looked at me,
though of course he knew of my pres-
ence.

As darkness fell the full moon rose.
We had been silent for an hour when
the woman turned and whispered:

"Gwine to eand up mighty bad, I
reckon. Him's broodin' too long; him
is too troubled to figger it."

"Suppose I talk to him?"

"Better not—him's queer just now!"

Five minutes later he rose up and en-
tered the cabin and picked up his long-
barreled rifle, and as he came out he
started off up the trail without a word.

"He's gwine to the still-spot!" she
said when he was out of sight and
hearing.

"He may commit suicide," I sug-
gested, as I remembered how palefaced
and anxious he looked as he rose up.

"Mebbe!" she replied as she filled her
pipe for another smoke.

Not over a quarter of an hour had
passed when we heard the report of a
rifle from the direction the old man
had gone.

"Come along," she said, as she rose
up and moved away.

I walked beside her up the rough
trail, neither saying a word. We had
gone about two hundred yards when
she turned to a path to the right and
descended into a ravine. The still had
been located there. We reached the
bottom to find a level stretch of ground
about one hundred feet long by fifty
broad. The moon shone full upon this
spot.

In the center lay the dead body
of the old man, with his discharged
rifle still clutched in his right hand.

He had shot himself through the heart.

I cried out as I caught sight of the
body, but the woman made no sound.

She sat down and took the gray head
in her lap and rocked to and fro
and caressed the wrinkled cheeks, and
said:

"Him brooded too powerfully! Him
figgered that he couldn't abide the
trouble!"—Detroit Free Press.

WITH OUR CHILDREN.

TEETHING children may be relieved
of convulsions by being immersed in a
warm bath with cold cloths on their
heads.

The education of delicate, nervous
children may be neglected until the age
of six or seven without danger of dun-
geon.

BEAR in mind that you are largely re-
sponsible for your child's inherited
character, and have patience with faults
and failings.

The practice of frightening little
children in order to make them quiet,
has, in some cases, resulted in convul-
sions and death.

If the children want pets, pray in-
dulge them, but insist upon their taking
sole charge of them as well as giving
them the best of care.

Those who teach young children
should speak to them properly, not lis-
ping or using silly words, for they can
understand sense better than nonsense.
—Good Housekeeping.

The McKinley Special Train
By the Santa Fe route for Ottawa G.
A. R. day, June 20th, leaves Topeka at
7:30 a. m. Returning leaves Ottawa at
9:35 p. m. \$1.50 for the round trip.

THE NATIONAL EMBLEM.

More Than Two Years of Warfare With-
out a Flag.

A national ensign was not adopted
till June, 1777. A glance at the prom-
iscuous banners under which the dif-
ferent American forces campaigned dur-
ing the first two years of the Revolution
will be found of interest at this anniver-
sary of the birth of the nation.

The first regular battle of the war
was Bunker Hill. It is not likely that
there were any colors carried by the few
militiamen who were hastily got togeth-
er at Concord and Lexington two months
before. But after the skirmishes at
these places each of the colonies set up
its own flag. Unfortunately descriptions
of these flags were not preserved, and
the information we have is very vague.

The most definite information as to
American flags we get is in foreign jour-
nals at ports where American ships at
that time touched. There is no satisfac-



tory information as to the standard used
by the colonists at Bunker Hill, fought
on June 17, 1775. Indeed it has never
been proved that they had any stand-
ards, though one writer says "they were
as various as the troops were motley."

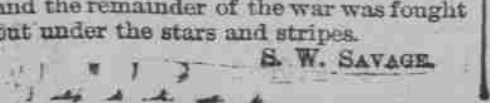
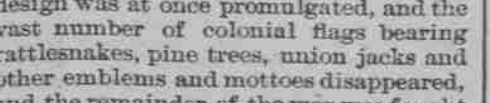
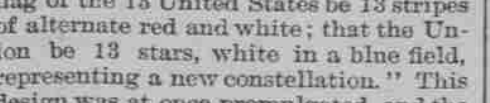
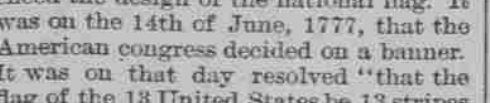
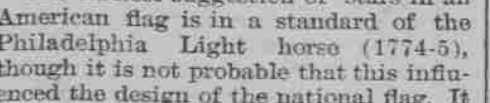
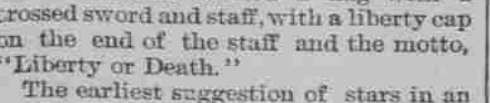
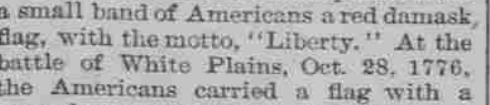
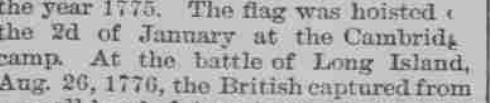
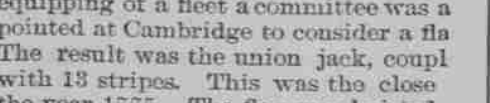
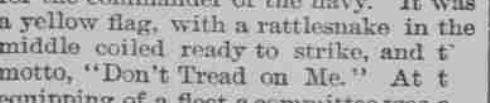
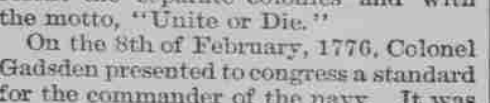
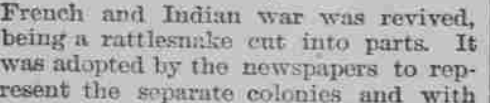
There is a picture of the battle in the
rotunda of the capitol at Washington,
painted by Trumbull, the celebrated
American artist of that day, in which
the Americans are pictured fighting un-
der a red flag having a white canton
bearing a green pine tree. Warren is
said to have reminded his troops of the
motto on their standard, on one side of
which was, "Qui transtulit sustinet"
(He who brought us here will sustain
us), and on the other, "An appeal to
heaven." This appears to have been the
Connecticut motto. An old lady told
Mr. Lossing, the historian, that her fa-
ther was at the battle and assisted in
hoisting the flag. He described it to her.
The ground was blue, with one corner
quartered by the red cross of St. George,
in one section of which was a pine tree.

On July 18, 1775, a standard was pre-
sented to Washington bearing the motto,
"An Appeal to Heaven." On Oct. 20,
1775, a plan was suggested for a Revo-
lutionary flag, which was a white
ground and a tree in the middle bearing
the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven." It
was the flag of American floating bat-
teries. This was undoubtedly adopted by
Massachusetts, and it was used on Amer-
ican ships.

In September, 1775, Colonel Moultrie,
in South Carolina, had a flag made
which was blue, with a white crescent
in the corner. On June 28, 1776, this
flag, with the word "Liberty" inscribed
upon it, was raised on what is now Fort
Moultrie. This was the first American
flag displayed in the south.

The colors of the American flag (July,
1776) were 13 stripes, with a rattlesnake
across, bearing the motto, "Don't Tread
on Me."

In Paul Jones' flag the stripes were
alternate red and blue. The rattlesnake
was a favorite device among the colo-
nists. In 1775 an old device used in the



He: "I may be poor, but there was a time when I rode in a
carriage."

She: "Yes, and your mother pushed it."



She: "What a delightful life an artist's must be!"



He: "Yes; because it allows me to lay myself at Beauty's feet."



He: "O!"—She: "O dear!"



She: "Is that my bust?"

—St. Paul's.



HOMER FAIRMOR,

Winner of the Chicago Bicycle Road Race on May 30, 1895.